There is a certain *sincerity* that consists in trying to *see* *truthiulli* and Jammes will never know that form of sincerity. "If water breaks a stick," as La Fontaine says, his mind never "rectifies" it.[12] I am well aware that it is essentially *poetic* not to allow the reason to intervene too" quickly and that often rectifying one's judgment amounts to falsifying one's sensation; but art would consist in maintaining the sensation in all its freshness and yet not allowing it to prevent any other functio. Odd lay-out of that mind! One cannot blame him for anything, so well aware is one that the spirit of inquiry would spoil him. He doesn't seek, either, to see the truth about himself; and besides he would have less genius if he were less convinced of having genius.

I am saying this rather sloppily. Let me sum up: to be a poet, one must believe in one's genius; to become an artist, one must *question* *it.* The really strong man is the one in whom *this* augments *that.*

[12] La Fontaine points out that a stick projecting from water appears broken at the water-line; but it only appears so, and our mind, rectifying the impression, straightens the stick.